

Forest Service Road Blues

Inter Arma

There's a no trespassing sign
On that old cabin's door
There's a man who dwells there
Who don't like to speak anymore

It gets colder quicker now
Up on that old mountain's brow
The sun don't shine like it used to
But it always comes down

They say they've tried to coax him down
A hundred times or more
But he just points to the shovel
Layin' next to the door
They say sometimes you've just gotta let a man
Dig his own grave

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Up on that old mountain's brow
The sun don't shine like it used to
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But it always comes down